

**PUBLIC**

EXCEPT SUNDAY YOUR CHRISTMAS

How A.

OFFICE—

SUBSCRIPTIONS—

One Year—

Six Months—

Three Months—

Per Month—

GOOD MORNING

HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, and

returns.

THE LEDGER'S dress speaks for

itself; it will speak for you too—if you

are a subscriber.

THE LEDGER is posed to Trusts;

but there are things infinitely worse—

BILL GOEBEL for an ace.

THE LEDGER'S new dress

was furnished by the celebrated Inland

Type Foundry of Louisville.

A TELEGRAPHIC report says a hurricane

in the West has destroyed the

main part of the banana crop; but it is

more likely that Mr. HANA and the

Trusts did it.

NEWSPAPERS that type from the

Type Trust have a good deal of cheek

when they howl about Trusts; especially

when several of the largest and best

Foundries in the United States are

not members of the Type Trust.

THE LEDGER today, with the advent

of the New Year, enters upon a new

volume, and, resplendent in its new

dress, from head to foot,

sends greeting to all its

patron, and wishes for

each a long life, prosper-

ity and happiness—

tokens that are feeble

return for the substantial support ac-

corded to it through the year that

have come and gone.

The events that are to be recorded by

the new are veiled in the impenetrable

future; but what has been told by the

old occupies a large space in local as

well as National history; and, as the

speaking from experience, THE LED-

GER pauses that this faithful Old Time

may tell its own story—and its own

one:

When I came down, from Chicago,

1893 to speak to the good people of Ma-

ville, you gave me hearty welcome, and

in appreciation I hope I have rendered

some public service.

When I came, you had but one railway,

now you have two; then you had but five

wards, now you have six; then you had

less than 6,000 inhabitants, now you have

10,000; then the city was lighted by gas,

now it is lighted by electricity; then you

rode in horsecars, now you have an elec-

tric line; then you were forced to call at

the Postoffice for your mail, now it is

carried to your doors; then you were with-

out telephones, now you may talk to all

surrounding towns and to distant cities;

then your Opera house was primitive, now

it is magnificent; then no Soldiers' Monu-

ment graced your beautiful City of the

Dead, you now behold a splendid one;

then you were envied by tollgates, now

every highway in the county is free;—and

it is one regret that I were out before

winning the fight for decent streets in the

devoted old city.

Those who have looked into my face

and heard me speak through all these in-

tervening days and weeks and years, can

bear testimony that I have urged every

change that is named; and there is not a

single one that needs an apologist.

So much for the physical progress of

the city, and whilst advocating these ma-

terial advancements other events must be

noted. A comparatively new clientele

has come upon the stage, and many faces

long familiar are now no more forever!

I have told of the happy schooldays of

pretty girls and manly boys; of social

gatherings and joyous marriages; of little

angels that had come to bless the home—

and of the grief that came when these

little angels were snatched away! I have

kept record of hundreds of leading citi-

zens—Ministers, Judges, bankers, manu-

facturers, merchants,—and, in too many

cases perhaps, extolled their virtues only

after their lips were sealed in Death!

I have been chronicler of the Nation's

growth;—one bright star has been added

to Old Glory at home, and its ample folds

are now almost encircling the globe. I

have welcomed lovely Porto Rico and

sun-kissed Hawaii to the family circle,

and hoped that dark eyed Cuba might be

induced to join also; I have prophesied

that our friends the Filipinos will soon

discover what fools they have been, and

will gladly desert their hypocritical An-

ties to take refuge with their real Uncle

Sam.

Having thus briefly outlined my career,

to my own country. As the world

is born anew, so I, a worn out

man, soon will be consigned to

and, with the new dress re-

newed, a sin-cere soul, be

a new and brighter

one.

The worst, after

the best, when the

once with Herbi-

near to withdraw to

sons. Friends must

rise from the dead

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